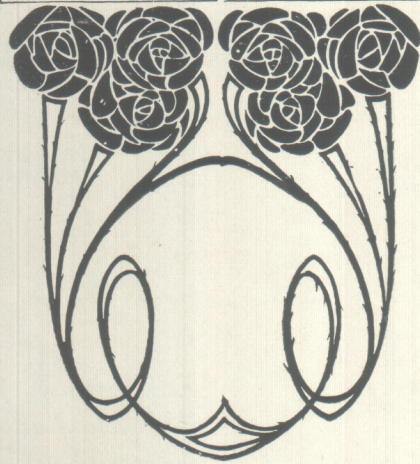


1928



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# The Senior Gleam

Published by the

Haterson State Normal School

June, 1928



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## DEDICATION

*For your labors through endless hours;  
For your smiles, like summer flowers,  
That gave us hope anew,  
Miss Abrams, we dedicate this book to you.*



# GREETINGS

## GREETINGS:

While the above salutation is greetings, I am fully aware that it is really goodbye. How much sorrow and sadness that small word implies! Two years we have spent together. They have been short. They have been full of happiness. Now you are about to go out into the world and attack the many problems of your profession. To be successful you must use your knowledge, your habits and your skills, but do not forget that part of your training which we call attitudes. As you grow older, these attitudes will crystallize into a philosophy of teaching. Keep close to little children. Keep smiling. The world is yours to conquer. May you be the victor.

Sincerely,  
ROY L. SHAFFER,  
*Principal*



To the Class of June, 1928:

My message to you is expressed in the words of Abraham Lincoln, "When divine or human law does not clearly point out what is our duty, we have no means of finding out what it is but using our most intelligent judgment of the consequences."

*Edith R. Shannon.*

To the Graduating Class of June, 1928:

The publishing of this class-book brings us almost to the close of our two years of work together.

The progress, that each one of you has made, has been worth-while, and we, who have watched and tried to guide as best we knew how, are happy in the results.

As you look back on your two years at Paterson State Normal School, may your thoughts be kindly thoughts, and may you be as interested in her welfare as she will always remain in yours.

The future is before you and you can make it what you will. Give to it of your best; give love, service, courage, joy, and friendship; all of these to enrich the lives of the children, and of others, too, with whom you come in contact as you live each day.

My love and good wishes go with each one of you as you go out to make the future a joyous and successful future, and my happiness will be added to in large measure as I hear of your achievements and attainments.

Will you take the thought, expressed in this stanza by Edwin Markham, with you as you leave:

*"There is a destiny that makes us  
brothers:*

*None goes his way alone:  
All that we send into the lives of  
others*

*Comes back into our own."*

Sincerely your friend,  
*Dorothy A. Abrams.*



To the Class of June, 1928:

My best wishes for a happy future either within or without our profession. May each of you achieve success as our author, quoted below, defines this achievement:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction."

Sincerely,

*Edith S. Garlick.*



Class of 1928, Paterson State Normal School:

Your friends have nothing to give to you as a token of their good fellowship; to you already belong all things.

The earth with its brightness and its darkness already belongs to you. Life, too, with its rewards and its failures is yours; we can give you nothing.

You have all; not because you have achieved all, nor because you are the most worthy to possess; but you have all, because you are all.

You are Youth itself; and, as our future teachers, you are Youth leading Youth in its endless quest; this is Life.

Can we give you anything?

*Mattie Louise Hatcher.*

Dear Senior A's:

There are those who will tell you that you are today closing the door on the brightest and happiest, most care-free days of your lives. Do not be deceived. They have been happy days; they have been days of achievement; they have been days when you have tried your wings and have learned that you can stay in the air for a few minutes at least. But, believe me, it is a gate that is opening before you, and across its top already you can see the way winding through the most attractive country. True, if you look down and too close, you will see stones, possibly marshes; but I know that around every bend in that roadway lies pleasures of a depth and richness undreamed. Truly, the "best is yet to be"; the forward look is promising.

*Elizabeth M. Gill.*



There are two thoughts that I should like to have you take with you as a part of your teaching equipment. The first is this reflection of Marden's: "It is a great thing to cultivate the art of happiness, that we can get pleasure out of the common experiences of every day." The other is closely akin. Someone, I do not recall who, has said that in our desire to teach the Happiness of Duty, we forget our obligation to teach the Duty of Happiness. I am sincerely hoping that your teaching life will be one of real joy.

*Edith L. Jackson.*



I know of no better message to send  
 you with my good wishes than the fol-  
 lowing stanzas of Rudyard Kipling:  
 If you can keep your head when all  
     about you  
     Are losing theirs and blaming it on  
     you,  
 If you can trust yourself when all men  
     doubt you,  
     But make allowance for their doubting  
     too;  
 If you can wait and not be tired by  
     waiting,  
     Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
     Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
     And yet don't look too good, nor talk  
     too wise:  
 If you can dream and not make dreams  
     your master;  
     If you can think and not make  
     thoughts your aim;  
 If you can meet with Triumph and  
     Disaster  
     And treat those two imposters just the  
     same;  
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've  
     spoken  
     Twisted by knaves to make a trap for  
     fools,  
 Or watch the things you gave your life  
     to, broken,  
     And stoop and build 'em up with  
     worn-out tools:  
 If you can make one heap of all your  
     winnings  
     And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-  
     toss,  
 And lose, and start again at your  
     beginnings  
     And never breathe a word about your  
     loss;  
 If you can force your heart and nerve  
     and sinew  
     To serve your turn long after they  
     are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in  
 you  
 Except the Will which says to them:  
 "Hold on!"  
 If you can talk with crowds and keep  
     your virtue,  
     Or walk with Kings—nor lose the  
     common touch,  
 If neither foes nor loving friends can  
     hurt you,  
     If all men count with you, but none  
     too much;  
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
     With sixty seconds' worth of  
     distance run,  
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's  
     in it,  
     And—which is more—you'll be a  
     Man, my son!"

*Elizabeth J. Sautter.*



With heartiest greetings to you as you  
 enter the threshold of your chosen field  
 of labor:

I know there will be many more  
 opportunities for you to learn in the  
 future, than you have had here; but  
 when in school your pupils will ask you  
 such things as these:

How shall we play?

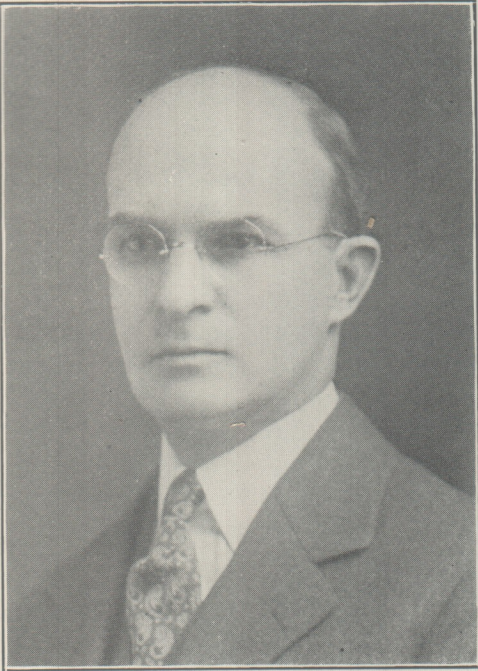
How shall we work together?

How shall we live with our fellow  
 men?

I hope you will be able to direct them  
 along the best paths. Point out to them  
 the highest ideals of happiness, and then  
 feel within yourself the satisfaction that  
 your own experiences here had touched  
 upon these things.

*Margery B. Loughran.*





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MISS DOROTHY A. ADAMS  
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# LITERARY



## SUCCESS AND THE FUTURE

*By Anna Messineo*

**S**LOWLY and stately our Ship of Hope sails at last into the Harbor of Expectation. Our two years at Normal School—such happy and hard-worked-for years—have come to an end. This brings both joy and sadness to us; joy because of the success rewarded to us who have undertaken one of the most interesting and important pieces of work in the world; sadness because of the thought of the day that will come when we will all be separated from the great pleasures and work which we have enjoyed together in our dear Paterson State Normal School.

The day of graduation comes and with it flowers, gifts, and even tears. That awaited day soon passes; friends are separated; each goes in a different direction, perhaps never to meet again. However, there is consolation in the fact that these friendships and memories will last through life and that, last but not least, the great experience we have had during our Senior A or practice teaching term, dealing with children, will ever stand as one of the greatest lessons that we had to learn. Let us then look forward to the future with happy remembrances of our school days and with a feeling of good cheer.

## OUR SHIP

*E. M. Arbini*

Our ship is leaving the harbor,  
'Tis ready to sail the sea,  
With its hull chock full of courage,  
And its white sails blowing free;  
We know not our destination,  
We may never find Success,  
But because of the Hand that's  
guiding us,  
We'll each find happiness;  
And, if on this uncharted sea,  
We meet a ship that's failing,  
We'll help it with a ready smile,  
And set it once more a-sailing;  
Then when we reach that Harbor  
Where every ship must end,  
We'll see each ship we've aided,  
And in each ship—a friend.



If I the Lord were for a day  
It seems to me that I would say:  
"All you to whom I've talents given,  
Use them — ne'er be driven  
From the path I've made for you,  
And when the reck'ning time is due,  
He that his talents hath not abused  
To the kingdom of heaven will not be  
refused."

*Beatrice Spernow.*



SENIOR GLEAM





# EDITORIAL



## PROGRESS

A bigger, better and busier Normal School, or in other words, progress, has been the slogan of our school. Each term we see some advancement along some particular line of school activity. Some terms it is the athletic teams that make the advancement; at other terms it is some other school function. At present there are three magnificent signs of progress outstanding in our school. The first of these is that wonderful achievement that has long been dreamed of in Paterson and which only the Paterson State Normal School could put over, and that is the Concert Course. The second sign of progress is our Normal Lodge. Many of us can look back on many happy hours spent there. The third sign is the school spirit that was manifested on Parents' Night, when almost 100% of the student body turned out for evening classes. Now it is up to the students themselves to keep the wheel of progress moving on to better and bigger things for the future.

M. A. W.

## DOORS

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day" for the Senior A's. The school days of many of us are over. We stand on the threshold of another life. What are the years going to be? Better: What are we going to make them? The doors are closed and we cannot look through, but we may look back on the many dear memories of Paterson State Normal School.

No matter what course of life each one of us takes, we may carry across the threshold and all through life, ideals set before us by our teachers and principal. Two happy years have been enjoyed by this class; and its members wish their successors to have just as happy a school life.

With these thoughts the Senior A class bids the entire Paterson State Normal School farewell. The knob is turning. We must hurry.

M. A. W.





## FRIENDS



WHO took the nickel from Sam's desk?" asked Miss Wheatly, teacher of a second grade. In answer to her question there was nothing but silence, an impressive silence.

"Sam, are you sure that you had a nickel on your desk?"

"Yes, Miss Wheatly, I left it there while I went to put my coat and hat away. When I came back it was gone."

A close examination of the surrounding desks and floor was made, but no nickel was to be found. Miss Wheatly gave a talk on honesty and then proceeded to ask each child in turn if he or she had taken the nickel.

"No, Miss Wheatly," was the answer from every child.

Someone had taken it. That was evident. "I am going to give the child who took the nickel a chance to put it back. We are all going to put our heads down and hide our eyes. No one is going to peek. I shall look out of the window so that I shall not see anything. The little girl or boy who took the nickel is to go on tiptoes and put it back. I want Sam's nickel back on his desk by the time I clap my hands."

The plan was carried out. Miss

Wheatly's attention was apparently out of the window. Every child's eyes were closed. Little, brown-eyed Michael arose, and stealing quietly to Sam's desk, he placed upon it a nickel. Then quietly he took his seat.

Clap! Everyone looked up. "Did the nickel come back, Sam?"

"Yes, but it isn't the one I had first. It had a buffalo on it."

"Well, that's all right."

When the class was dismissed for recess, Carlo ran up to Michael and gripped his hand. "Oh, Michael, I saw you put the nickel back. Why did you do it, when I took it?"

"Because we are friends, Carlo. I saw you take it. I love you and I didn't want you to get caught, because I know you didn't want to steal. Did you, Carlo?"

Tears filled Carlo's eyes as he gave Michael the nickel he had taken. "Here, I'm a bad boy. I don't know why I did it. I wanted to buy you a balloon. I promise you I'll never do it again."

"Come, Carlo," said Michael, "Let's play marbles."

*Charlotte Joseph.*



# INSPIRATION



IT happened on a dreary, bleak, December day, that I received the surprise of my life. I was walking down a lane, leading to a brook by whose side I had spent many a long summer afternoon, dreaming and waiting, ever waiting for the inspiration of a masterpiece which I hoped and prayed would be mine.

What led me to this path I cannot tell. Perhaps it was the associations of happiness when I had been full of hope and confidence; or perhaps it was because I thought I would be less lonely, less dreary, and less unhappy if I again trod this dear, familiar ground. At any rate, I found myself going toward my old haunts.

It was not as it was during the dream days, the days of life, love, color, and laughter; it was hazy, dreary, desolate, and covered with greyness and mist.

As I approached the path where I had loved to rest and dream, a feeling of utter despair came over me. I sat down on the cold, damp rock that encircled the brook, which was now as still and as cold as I. I compared its former sparkling self with my own old, bright smock and I felt that its present stillness showed its sympathy for me now. As I sat and mused in silence I heard a cry—a cry sharp and shrill.

This piercing cry awoke something within me that had long been dormant. I arose and stumbling over rock and stone, groped toward that near, yet very distant thing.

As I came nearer and nearer to the spot from which the sound seemed to

have come, the cry instead of growing clearer and louder, seemed to have grown more and more faint, until I could hear it no more. I searched and searched, yet I could find no trace of its origin.

When it became too dark for me to see, I lighted one after another of my entire store of matches. At last I had to give up my fruitless effort and wander home.

The more I thought of it, the more convinced I became that this strange sound was not a real, but a fancied one, yet try as I might, I could not free my mind from the mystery of its clear, penetrating tones.

There was no putting this thought aside. The more I attempted to get rid of it, the stronger and more real it became.

At last, tired and angry with myself for letting such a thing, such a very insignificant thing, bother me, I took up my brush with the hope that it would drive this wierd thing from my mind.

Suddenly a vivid picture unfolded itself in my mind; the cry—a wolf poised on a waste of ice somewhere in the frozen north, looking up, its eyes eager and expectant like those of a child, seeking and groping, ever groping for the unknown.

I thought; I worked, and as I worked a picture grew upon my canvas, the picture I had always hoped and prayed for—my dream picture.

*Dorothy Kangissor.*



## CLASS HISTORY

WE beheld our future home, the Paterson State Normal School, on a sunny morning, on September 6, 1928. One could easily tell that we were new students by the manner in which we gazed at the building which was to house us for two momentous years. The Junior B section will ever remember how quiet (?) and how dignified we always were, and how eager all the faculty members were to receive us. Will we ever forget our initiation? That sinking feeling, getting before all the upper classmen and faculty, and making perfect fools of ourselves. It seems only yesterday that all the Junior B's went to New York to visit the museums and spent a whole day in the big city. One manner in which the Junior B's did distinguish themselves was in the Concert Course "Normal School Night," December 14, 1926. At this time, six of the ten actors and actresses were Junior B's. Those participating were Ivan V. Ackerman, Thomas Fitzsimmons, William Probert, Edna Cocker, Helen McGrath, and Terese Bauer. Thus ended the term we enjoyed so much, under the able guidance of Miss Dorothy Abrams, our faculty adviser.

Our Junior A term continued without a break in the schedule, except added subjects to our curriculum. The winter soon passed, spring arrived, and with it the feeling of restlessness. To subdue this, sometimes we were greatly humored. On the windiest day in May, 1927, we went to fly our kites under the watchful eye of Mr. Fox. How many kites arrived at the scene of flying whole, we fail to relate here. Another day, all

the Junior A's piled into three busses and trotted to New York to see the fleet. More excitement, when we were taken in a little cutter to the Hospital Ship and allowed to walk through the entire place.

Plays again. It seems the Masques and Masquers had old reliables when they presented another play in April, 1927, which featured Fred Coyle, Thomas Fitzsimmons, Charlotte Joseph, Mildred Grenfell, and Mildred LaRoe. The coaching was assisted by Terese Bauer and Edna Cocker. In a few weeks more we left our happy school days for two months vacation which we felt were justly needed.

"Senior B"—we felt so superior, so old, we were actually haughty enough to look with disdain upon the poor Junior B class. The term gave us that thrilling experience of being called "Normal" by our little charges. Many the film that we spoiled in trying to take their pictures. How much we learned about keeping registers, making correct examinations and knowing correct books for children. We felt worldly wise. How much we didn't know, we soon found out.

The prospect of our Senior A term frightened most of us a great deal. We couldn't imagine that we were capable of knowing enough subject-matter to teach any child, let alone a whole grade. After being given our first assignment, which ranged from the first to the eighth inclusive, we started on our eventful journey of six months practice teaching. Our first lesson—our first charge—all these facts loomed up before us as impossible, but now they are second nature.



In addition to our weekly conferences which all looked forward to, we had our pageant, our graduation details, our last Normal School affair, the Senior Prom, and the thrilling and momentous occasion—"Our Graduation Night."

Now our school days are finished, and we leave the class we grew to like so much. Many of us will never see each other again. Memories of Paterson State Normal School will remain with us forever. Our classmates have been our friends, always willing to help us over

the rough spots. Our class has been ably guided for two years by Miss Dorothy A. Abrams, our faculty adviser. Without her help and kind advice, we know we could not have enjoyed our Normal School days so much.

Thus ends the history of the June class of 1928. May we never forget our Paterson Normal days, and always have a dear spot for the place to which we owe so much, our Alma Mater.

*Terese F. Bauer.*



## PENMANSHIP

### *Pen - Man's Ship*

Did you ever stop to think  
What there is to pen and ink?  
There are oceans, seas, and such,  
That you've loved so very much,  
Though your ship be a mere pen  
And the "Cap" your mind, just then.  
Visit where you like it best,  
See that place while you do rest  
In your easy chair at home,  
Never from that place to roam;  
For the pen has made it so  
And you may now such things know.

Poor or rich as you may be  
You can always be at sea,  
Right upon the Sea of Music  
Or the Ocean of Histories.  
Man your ship, the "Pen and Ink,"  
When on this you'll never sink.  
For the life boats all are keeping—  
"Learning," "Study," "Knowledge,"  
"Teaching"—  
Vigil over you and yours.  
Thus they will for you procure  
Jobs by millions, money too.  
Just you take my little cue!

*G. B.*



# CLASS WILL

*Elizabeth M. Arbini*



We, the class of June, '28,  
 Sound of mind (and very sedate),  
 Knowing that soon we shall have to part,  
 With a tear in our eye and a very sad  
 heart,  
 Do this testament proclaim  
 To be the last such bearing our name.  
 First, we all bequeath  
 To everyone, the wreath  
 Of school honor; unto it cleave,  
 That it may never the school leave.  
 To Mr. Shaffer, we wish the while,  
 That he may continue to wear his smile.  
 And, Miss Abrams, 'tis largely to you  
 That the success of our class is due;  
 We shall forget your labors never  
 And shall continue your praise ever.  
 "Terry" Bauer and "Bill" Probert leave  
 their popularity  
 To "Beth" Pitman and William White,  
 respectively.  
 "Chat" Joseph leaves her lit'rary ability  
 To a budding author, Gammon, Nancy,  
 That the Norm'lite may never fail  
 To have within it many a tale.  
 "Mame" Miskuf and "Soph" Davis give  
 their athletic inclinations  
 To Lydia Bombel, with higher  
 aspirations.  
 "Milly" Grenfell as a teacher of "gym"  
 Leaves her place to "Peg" Shepherd,  
 tall and slim.  
 "Dot" Fieldhouse and Ruth Crooks  
 leave their ability to play

The cornet and piano in their unique  
 way,  
 To other musicians in the school,  
 That "Music First" shall be the rule.  
 Maude Conklin gives some of her height  
 and weight  
 To a young Junior, "Midge" Sheldrake.  
 Our class artists, Misses Stott and Bauer,  
 To Misses Finn and Poole bequeath  
 their power.  
 Our actors, Fitzsimmons, Cocker, and  
 Coyle,  
 Leave the results of their ardent toil  
 To future artists, Smallheer and Tomai,  
 That our school may still have plays.  
 Ivan Ackerman, our hardest worker,  
 Bestows this fact on Miss Hoedemaker.  
 Our two "K's" leave their humorous  
 ways  
 To the school, to smile always.  
 Our success as teachers we leave to all  
 Who on the steep roadway do not fall.  
 And the faculty, our very best friends,  
 We shall remember to the very end,  
 By trying to make some child's rough  
 way  
 A little smoother every day.  
 The best we have we've left to you,  
 And as we bid you a sad adieu,  
 For mem'ry's sake we'll add our name  
 and date—

The class of June, 1928.



## THE ADVENTURER

YES, it was in that country where nature reigns in all her glory, that the man wandered. It was Vermont — Vermont, with her mountains and trees that have posed for so many artists.

On this fall evening he walked along the narrow, brown road, with hopes of soon coming in sight of a house. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, dressed in a brown hiking suit. The tired expression that was creeping around his eyes told that he had been walking since daylight. He had a good face, this man, with honesty printed on it. Not knowing where he would spend the night, he walked rapidly onward. Suddenly, at the turning of the country road, he came upon a small cottage nestled among the trees.

At first glance he thought it must be the home of some caretaker or gardener. It was a lovely place to see, especially the clumps of shrubs and trees. As he came nearer to the cottage he could see a man and woman sitting upon the porch swaying back and forth in rocking chairs. Red ramblers climbed over one end of the porch and lilacs hung over the doorway.

"Oh," he thought, "What a pleasant, quiet place." He opened the gate and walked in, as though he had reached his destination. He knew that these people would regard him as the usual follower of the road. As he drew nearer, the man and woman stopped rocking, but said nothing.

"As I passed your garden," he said with uneasiness, "I saw your beautiful

dahlias. I, myself have tried to grow dahlias, but with little success; and I stopped to inquire what kind you are so successful with."

The man glanced at his dahlias with apparent pride, and was about to answer when the woman rose and said pleasantly, "Won't you step up and have a chair?"

As the adventurer swung his bag from his shoulder, he saw a number of books and magazines on the table behind him. "Ah," he thought, "they like books."

The old gentleman was explaining about the dahlias. "Yes," he said, "I've tried all kinds of dahlias, but this Japanese specie is the only one I have had any luck with." This led to a discussion about books which described dahlias.

"Do you recall the passage where he tells the legend of the Japanese dahlias?" asked the adventurer.

"I certainly do," exclaimed the man. "Just let me get the book." When he returned, he carried the book in one hand and a lamp in the other, for it had grown quite dark. Then while the two men talked, the woman took a small blue book off the table and started to read. Suddenly she said, "Oh, Mr.—a —Mr.—a—"

"Lloyd," said the adventurer.

"Mr. Ashley and I have found another friend who feels as we do about the garden. He is the author of this book, a man of your own name, Robert Lloyd."

Immediately the placid expression on the adventurer's face changed to one of quiet. He said nothing and Mr. and



Mrs. Ashley both looked at him as she said, "You must be Robert Lloyd."

The adventurer gave a quick nod, feeling like a little boy who had been caught with his finger in the jam pot. Now, the evening was not long enough. Mrs. Ashley called him to the little supper which she had prepared for him. When he smelled those buttered parsnips and hot biscuits, he realized how very hungry he was.

During this evening I think these people spoke of every flower that grows in God's garden. Suddenly, Mrs. Ashley thought of tomorrow. "Well, Mort," she said, "don't forget Mr. Lloyd has been walking since morning."

"Yes, guess we're all pretty tired. I'll show you your room, Mr. Lloyd."

A soft feather bed and a tired, sleepy man were soon good friends.

Very early the next morning the adventurer arose and walked about the garden. During the night it had rained, and now that it was clear, the earth smelled fresh and sweet.

"Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Lloyd." There stood Mrs. Ashley in the doorway, calling. For breakfast she had some golden brown honey, the kind that grandmother gave you when you were on the farm last summer. Oh yes, and muffins, too, just out of the oven.

"Really," thought the adventurer, as he ate his breakfast, "I don't want to leave these dear old folks; but my month is up today and mother will be expecting me home."

With his bag on his shoulder, he left the cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley, who stood by the gate, waved goodbye to him until he had disappeared down the road. There were twenty-four miles to walk and Robert Lloyd reckoned that he'd be home before supper time.

"Oh, just think of all the news I have to tell mother. Isn't this a good world, with good people living in it? One never knows how friendly the world's people are unless he visits them. How I would have enjoyed staying with John Baldwin and his son until harvest, or with Mr. and Mrs. Fenton until Mary left for college, or with the Ashleys—they were supreme. It seems to me that—

*"Friendship is a chain of gold,  
Shaped in God's all perfect mould;  
Each link, a smile, a laugh, a tear,  
A grip of the hand, a word of cheer.  
As steadfast as the ages roll,  
Binding closer soul to soul.  
No matter how far or heavy the load,  
Sweet is the journey on Friendship's  
Road."*

E. Edna Marsh.





## THEIR SONG OF LOVE

**I**N a little town in France named Treguier dwelt Mahri Henri and her mother. They occupied a three-room rear apartment in a well-established hotel.

Mahri, blind since she was a child of six, had not known the joy and beauty of sight in fourteen years. She was beautiful in face and form, and her pure white complexion together with her long, silky, flaxen hair, gave her a very fine appearance.

Though not able to feel her way in the outer world, Mahri was able to feel her accustomed way through any part of the hotel. She was left alone in her apartment almost daily, because Mrs. Henri worked very hard in order to afford it, and to give Mahri, her only child, some little luxuries once in a while. Often Mrs. Henri would come home tired but happy just to see her daughter before her, and would read alluring stories of love and romance to Mahri, who would dream beautiful dreams while listening.

Not only when her mother read romantic stories to her would she dream, but all through the weary and lonesome days when she was alone, with the one thrill of looking forward to the moment when her mother would arrive, perhaps with a new story.

Thus the days went by until fate at last decided to bring a real romance into the life of Mahri Henri.

Mahri was sitting near an open window, as was her daily habit in the spring-time. Her mother had come and also gone from lunch and Mahri was now left to herself. She listened with interest to

the chirping of the birds and then, as she always did when she sat thus, she tried to picture how the outside looked. She began to picture—this—and that—and soon—soon she was in her dreamland again—to dream—and dream.

Suddenly her thoughts were upset by a charming melody that floated toward her. She listened—where had she heard it? Where. Where. And then she remembered. Long ago her mother used to sing to her — “I love you, Marie—I dream of but thee—Stars of the summer sky, dimmed are when you are nigh—.” Someone was playing on a violin this song she loved. How alluring it sounded—how appealing! A feeling of joy crept through her. Unconsciously she sang the words to the melody that came nearer and nearer.

The violin ceased, but Mahri sang on, her voice sweet and youthful, while the violin player in the neighboring apartment listened to her—caught the touch of loneliness and pathos in her voice. Mahri kept on singing, not realizing that the violin playing had ceased. The violinist, his ear against the wall that separated Mahri’s apartment from his own, wondered who she was, and if she were as beautiful and as youthful as her voice. How could he find out? Thus he mused as he listened to her singing.

Abruptly Mahri stopped. She realized that the violin was no longer playing and she became aware of a vague feeling of something or someone near. She stretched her arms about her, got up and felt about the room, but found nothing.

The next day, after lunch, when her



mother had once again come and gone, Mahri felt her way to the same place she had occupied the previous day, and waited, her sense of intuition telling her she would hear the same violin soon. Suddenly she became tense as the tune she had heard the preceding day crept toward her. Once again she listened and began, unaware of the fact, to sing the words to herself. The violin player in the next room once more ceased playing and listened to the charm of the voice that sang. Mahri became shy when she realized that the playing had again stopped, but she soon lost herself in visions of this violinist.

For about three weeks following this day, just as soon as lunch was over and her mother had gone, Mahri would rush to the same place and hear the same melody. One day her mother happened to take a much longer time than was usual for her meal and Mahri, not wishing to share her secret as yet, appeared very excited at the table. Mrs. Henri noticed this and not being able to imagine the reason, asked, "Mahri, darling, are you not feeling well? You are greatly flushed."

Mahri, disturbed by the fact that her mother had noticed something unusual in her appearance, said in a rather impatient voice that her mother had never heard from her before, "No, no, mother dear, nothing—nothing at all is wrong with me."

Mrs. Henri, catching the impatient note, said in an alarmed voice, "Mahri, I know now that you must have a secret from me. I do not care to know it if you would rather not tell me, for I know that when the right time comes, you will surely tell me everything. All I ask you is that you assure me it will bring you to no harm." Mrs. Henri had risen and had gone over to Mahri, whom she was

holding in her arms by now.

Mahri, who felt that she would tell her mother when the time came, and keenly regretting the manner in which she had answered her mother, rose quickly and tenderly kissed her mother's lips, saying, "Dearest little mother, I assure you my secret shall bring me to no harm and soon—soon you shall know what it is."

Mrs. Henri, who was greatly relieved now, kissed her daughter in return and soon was gone to work.

The same situation occurred for more than a month between Michele Dubois, the violin player, and Mahri, each weaving dreams of the other, until finally out of great curiosity, Michele firmly resolved to make the acquaintance of "the songster," the name he had given to the unknown Mahri.

As a young man of thirty odd years, Michele had a very distinguished appearance. He was above the average height and except for his white hair, looked so like a handsome young college athlete that he certainly did not give the impression of being famed in the music world. He had gained fame and success as a violinist, and so he reasoned, it ought not to be difficult for him to meet "the songster."

He immediately went into action and sought the proprietor of the hotel. From him he gained a great deal of information about the Henri family. He confided to Mr. Blanc that for a very definite reason which he could not tell, he wanted very much to obtain an introduction to Mrs. Henri.

Mr. Blanc said, "Well, if you are down here about 7 o'clock this evening, for that is the usual time Mrs. Henri arrives, I can introduce you."

Michele broke in, "But I don't want



her to know that I purposely came down here to ask you to introduce us. How can you arrange it?"

Whereupon Mr. Blanc thought for a few moments, and then answered enthusiastically, "I shall be speaking to you as though you had been here by chance, and when Mrs. Henri comes in I shall greet her, thus beginning a conversation. Then after a minute or so of conversation I shall introduce you."

"Oh, that is splendid," responded Michele, and sure enough, he was at the proprietor's desk at the appointed time. Mrs. Henri came in and, just as arranged, Mr. Blanc greeted her and engaged her in a conversation that led to the introduction of Michele. She was surprised to discover that a famous man was her neighbor and she extended a cordial invitation to him to visit her on a certain evening that week. Michele heartily accepted and Mrs. Henri went away, happy in the thought that this would be some diversion for Mahri.

The night Michele was due, Mrs. Henri dressed Mahri in a beautiful alic blue chiffon gown that, together with her silky flaxen hair that hung about her in curls, made Mahri look indeed lovely. Then Michele came and when his eyes at last beheld her, he knew she was "the songster" and he also discovered that she was even more beautiful in reality than he had pictured her in his mind. Mrs. Henri introduced him to Mahri, who intuitively felt that this was the violinist, the man about whom all her dreams had centered for more than a month. She felt this so strongly that a thrill passed through her and her hand slightly quivered as she put it out toward Michele.

Quite disturbed, she asked him, rather hesitantly, "Mr. Dubois, are you not the violin player in the next apartment?"

"Yes, Miss Henri, I am that same man and I am sure you are the owner of that beautiful voice I have been admiring all this time."

Mrs. Henri laughed at the two young folks, and knowing Mahri would explain afterward, interrupted the conversation by saying, "Come, Mr. Dubois, I do not know how Mahri could have heard you playing before, but anyway, play something for her now, while I go to prepare tea for us."

Michele played a few songs, his last number being the song that had really brought them together—"I love you, Marie—" Mrs. Henri came in soon with the tea and not long after, the evening drew to a close; and after Michele had gone, Mahri told her secret to her mother.

Michele received many invitations following this one and it was not long before he became a constant visitor. Often he came in to brighten Mahri's days by playing his violin to accompany her singing.

One month, two months, three months so passed, their beautiful friendship drawing them closer and closer. Not a week went by but that Michele might be heard playing and Mahri singing the song, "I love you, Marie."

One day Michele walked into Mahri's apartment rather hesitantly. Mahri, sensing something wrong in his tread, cried out, "Michele, oh Michele, what is it? Something is wrong! Tell me, please tell me!"

Michele clasped her hands tenderly and said, "Mahri, little songster, I want you to know of my great love for you. I want you to know that no matter what happens, you will always have me to care for you."



"But, but Michele, I do not understand—"

"Wait, wait, Mahri, I shall try to make you understand."

"Mahri dear, is it not true that we must all go to our Great Father some time or other? Is it not so, little songster?"

"Yes, yes, but—"

"And Mahri, when our Lord calls us unto Him, He knows what is best, does He not?"

"Yes, yes, Michele," thinking of her own condition and becoming calmer.

Mahri continued, "Yes, He always knows and does what is best for us.

'Ah, little Mahri, I knew you would understand. Would you promise me now not to say one word while I tell you something?"

"Yes, Michele, I would promise you anything, for I love you even though I can not see you. It is enough that I hear you. Tell me."

"This afternoon, Mahri, while crossing a road, your mother hurt herself and she would like to have you come to her at the hospital where she was taken. Will you come with me now, little one?"

Mahri, trying hard to keep her self-control, answered, "Yes, yes, Michele, I shall soon be ready," whereupon she quickly unclasped her hands from his and arose from the chair.

Within a very short time she was following Michele, the man in whom she had placed such great trust. Michele led her into his waiting machine and no sooner was he in than he rapidly sped away. Soon Mahri felt him stop and help her out. Michele led her into the hospital, into the elevator and up to the room where Mrs. Henri lay.

Before they entered, Michele tightened his grip on Mahri and whispered to her, "Remember, Mahri, remember what I told you." He then led her

into the room, whereupon a doctor came forward and Michele introduced him to Mahri as Dr. Brochen. Motioning Michele to go aside, the doctor led Mahri to her mother's bedside. Mahri could not bear the agony of waiting any longer, asking in an uneven voice, "Where is my mother?"

"Ssh! Miss Henri, she is sleeping; she is right before you on the bed—"

Suddenly losing control of herself, Mahri felt along the bed before her, feeling her way quickly toward the heart that had ceased work forever, and with one terrifying scream of "Mother!" she fell sideward, her head striking the foot of the bed.

Days passed and slowly Mahri's consciousness came back. Michele stayed at her bedside almost daily, hoping against hope that the doctors might be right in saying that Mahri's sight might be restored to her.

Slowly but surely Mahri's eyes opened once more to the world, and faintly, as in a dream, she heard a violin playing "I love you, Marie—." Turning her head, her eyes met Michele's, who immediately put his violin aside and ran toward her.

She cried out, "Michele, Michele, I see you! Ah, it must be a dream!" Then she stopped as her memory came back. The realization of her sorrow came full upon her as Michele explained how her mother had accidentally met death while crossing a road and how he was called to the hospital to identify her when his card was found in her bag.

One evening, as she happened to gaze out of the window, while humming the tune of "I love you, Marie—," Mahri let her glance stray toward the sky. Her eyes fell on a large star and calling Michele to her side, she said to him in a whisper, "Michele, there is Mother's star, our Guardian Angel."



<i>Appellation</i>	<i>Distinguishing Characteristic</i>	<i>Predilection for</i>
Ivan Ackerman	Unobtrusive flirting	Making speeches
Rachel Alpisa	Loyalty	Teaching
Lillian Amato	Self-esteem	Slang
Izella Anderson	Cynicism	Her gang
Elizabeth Arbin	Enthusiasm	Poetry
Mildred Barthold	Subdued manner	Brother
Ruth Bauer	Studious expression	We wish we knew
Terese Bauer	Masterfulness	Managing
Angelina Bellina	Frankness	Lending
Rosalind Brady	Enunciation	Basketball
Edna Bredder	Pocket edition	De Molay Orchestra
Eleanor Bredder	Adjustable complexion	Short Skirts
Mary Brockhuizen	Her golden cap	Miss Parke
Helen Brueckman	Tip-tilted nose	Her chair in the library
Kathleen Bushell	Hissing	Commuting
Edna Cocker	Personality	Elocution
Mildred Collin	Uppishness	Cutting-up
Maude Conklin	Height	Good fellowship
Fred Coyle	Clothes	One of the alumni
Ruth Crooks	Sanitariness	Music
Sophie Davis	Friendliness	Fooling
Dorothy Daybill	Walk	Hairdressers
Rose Del Vennery	Garrulousness	Her niece
Anna Dennehy	Deceptive quietness	Meyer Bros.
Mary Dillion	Sarcasm	Athletics
Mazie Donlevy	Good fellowship	Hurrying
Mary Dowling	Mannishness	Being a shiek
Anne Downey	Those eyes!	Telling stories
Sylvia Edelstien	Sleek hair	Platonic friendships
Catherine Eglin	Giggle	Jokes
Bernedette Feeney	Chicness	A certain neighbor
Violet Fenwick	Reservedness	Being inconspicuous
Mamie Ferraro	Cute size	Looking well
Marie Ferrer	Nervousness	Bridge
Dorothy Fieldhouse	Abruptness	Males
Thomas Fitzsimmons	Looks	Large words
Mary Gandelina	Curiosity	Fur coats
Blanche Goetchius	Quietness	Him
Ruth Gold	Complexion	? 's kisses
Mildred Grenfell	Style	Acting
Anna Hamilton	Lisp	Making Y's krax
Phyllis Harris	Hair dress	Tardiness
Eleanor Heisler	Colds	Practice teaching
Olga Heppa	Lost expression	Eleanor
Eleanor Islieb	Licking her lips	Penmanship
Mildred Jacobs	Fussiness	Back seats
Charlotte Joseph	Her smile	Adventures
Esther Kahn	Affectedness	Dancing
Dorothy Kangissor	Near-sightedness	Bluffing
Ruth Kaufman	Haughtiness	Dreaming
Regina Kelly	Wise-cracks	Her uncle
Terese Lanzone	Niceness	Arriving late
Mildred La Roe	Austereness	Miss E. M. G.
Katherine Lawler	Noise	Jazz
Mary Lombardi	Blowing	Miss Shannon (?)



# SENIOR GLEAM

Ruth Mack  
Edna Marsh  
Margaret Martin  
Dorothea Meininger  
Marjorie Merrop  
Anna Messineo  
Mamie Miskuf  
Adele Mosca  
Ethel Mottershead  
Rose McCormack  
Catherine McDonnell  
Rosemary McElhone  
Helen McGrath  
Mary McGreen  
Sadies McKeown  
Mary McNerney  
Regina Nichols  
Ella Osur  
Lena Pantano  
Maude Patterson  
Catherine Pohl  
Marie Polansky  
Fannie Press  
Wm. Probert  
Mildred Puglia  
Hazel Rawlings  
Florence Raymond  
Katherine Rickman  
Lila Rietz  
Josephine Ryan  
Frances Samuelson  
Esther Samuelson  
Angeline Scala  
Ethel Schatz  
Sylvia Shack  
Doris Sigler  
Isabel Sinclair  
Vesta Smith  
Rose Sogmonian  
Marguerite Sommer  
Beatrice Spornow  
Margaret Sprakel  
Eleanor Starrs  
Lillian Stoller  
Dorothy Stott  
Isabel Taylor  
Hilda Townsend  
Marie Van Deree  
Teresa Vivino  
Berdine Walker  
Marcellina Wall  
Irene Warhurst  
Katherine Weber  
Marie Whowell  
Anna Walkus  
Katherine Yuresko

Perkiness  
Neatness  
Permanents  
Capability  
Slouch  
Angles  
Happy-go-lucky air  
Wind-blown  
Managing Ways  
Foolishness  
Husky voice  
Chin  
Italian a's  
Concealed mischievousness  
Vocabulary  
Silence  
Bashfulness  
Carrot-top  
Scientific mind  
Blase  
Humor  
Twang  
Wit  
Swagger  
Laziness  
Voice  
Boyishness  
Meekness  
Pessimism  
Pleasantness  
Nose  
Trying to let her grow  
Smugness  
Facial expression  
Drawl  
Blondness  
Bafflingness  
Calm  
Cleopatra-like  
Girlishness  
Grace  
Liveliness  
Grin  
Figure  
Mysticism  
Grin  
Straightness  
Laugh  
Petiteness  
Quietness  
Eyes  
Sweetness  
Gabbiness  
Earnestness  
Jolliness  
Mildness

Getting fatter  
Plainfield  
Religion  
Archie  
Jolliness  
Blind dates  
Basketball  
Singing  
Knowledge  
Rolling her own  
Violin  
Books  
Enjoying life  
Hats  
Reciting  
Meditating  
Reciting (?)  
Trying to study hard  
Mr. Fox  
Sharp words  
Making a good impression  
Pills  
Teeth  
Athletics  
Hard to tell  
Discipline  
South Jersey  
Her brother  
Tending to business  
Losing her equilibrium  
Esther  
Paul  
Putting her hair up  
Wilhelmina  
Sciences  
Art  
Her curl  
Blushing  
The sea  
Earning money  
Blondes  
Dancing  
Accuracy  
We know  
Drawing  
Katherine  
Germany  
Night Clubs  
Spain  
Dreaming  
Homework  
Children  
Scholastic efficiency  
Being obliging  
Curly hair  
6-A



## CLASS PROPHECY

**I**N my days of never forgotten childhood, I recall the day when I took a forbidden stroll into a nearby dense forest. I felt unusually bold that late afternoon and ventured further than I had intended. The path which I unwittingly chose was an old hunter's trail. Finally I came to an unexplored clearing and in its almost exact center stood a huge oak tree. It was a peculiar looking tree, for half of its height was apparently dead wood. The live portions of the tree waved leafy limbs toward me in a beckoning manner. I stopped entranced, looked into the leafy folds and soon the image of an old man stood before me. I was startled! He nodded his head assuringly and smiled.

"Be not afraid. I am the spirit of this mighty oak, and since this is the day on which the seed of this tree took root, I am allowed to take the form of a man in honor of what you would call my birthday. Never before have I had the pleasure of any mortal society. Since you are my guest, let me entertain you in the only way that I can."

He gestured in a magnetic manner, which compelled me to follow him. He led me nearly half way round the tree and stopped. There before me, in the trunk of the tree, was a large cavity which at one time had been a huge knot. I had to stand on my tiptoes before I was able to peek into it. As I did so, the old man gently placed his hand over my eyes and said pleasantly:

"Wait! Before you look, hear my words of wisdom. This tree holds a

secret charm and one can but make use of it once. Within this hollow space there lies a mirror. One may breathe deeply upon its surface and ask as many questions as one wishes. After the mirror has been returned to its hiding place it will never again respond to the wishes of that person. Think well. Do you wish to make use of the magic mirror now or would you rather wait until some future time when the occasion will be more urgent?"

I felt a desire to make use of this opportunity immediately, but a warning that something more serious would come into my life in the future that would demand a greater wisdom than that which I possessed calmed my impulsiveness to satisfy a childish desire. When I told the old man that I would wait, and after I had thanked him for the knowledge of the oak tree's secret, he disappeared as mysteriously as he had presented himself.

I returned home, told my parents of my adventure which evoked laughter from them, and they, with all their parental wisdom, deemed my adventure nothing but a product of my far-fetched youthful imagination. I never forgot their laughter; it made me resolve that some day I would prove to myself that this strange incident was not entirely a childish hallucination.

Years in which I acquired knowledge, wisdom, and new friends, passed by; yes, even years of practical living, and then came a day when I received a letter from an old schoolmate. It awakened memories of pleasant experiences. A desire



came over me to know what had happened to all of the members of the graduating class of June, 1928, of dear Paterson State Normal. Reminiscing, I recalled that eventful day of my early childhood, when I came upon the mighty oak.

My acquired wisdom vanished; I was again a child. I found myself standing once more before the mighty oak just a little more than twenty-five years later. With my previous knowledge I had no difficulty in locating the hollow portion of the tree. This time there was no exertion on my part to peek into its mysterious pit. I placed my hand into its dark expanse and with no difficulty found the magic mirror. I drew it out into the light of day. It was unblemished! I gazed upon it in wonder and breathed heavily upon its surface, creating a magic mist. As it cleared gradually I wished that the fate of my classmates would be revealed to me. The mist cleared; before my eyes was—

The market place of the village of Hogshead. An animated crowd was crying, "Two," "Four," "Eighteen," "Twenty-six."

Two trumpeters, Esther Samuelson and Eleanor Heisler, raising their trumpets to their lips, calmed the crowd. Then the sonorous voice of a salesman, who was none other than Fred Coyle, was heard—

"Seeds! Rickman and Taylor's Tested Seeds! Come and buy! Plant early!"

In the immediate scrambling could be discerned Liela Reitz and Regina Nichols seeking exclusive seeds for their adjoining estates. The cashier who took their money was Mildred Barthold.

The eclipse of the sun which had been predicted by the famous astronomer, Marie Whowell, took place at that in-

stant. The earth was darkened for three minutes. As light dawned again, another crowd stood in place of the first one.

It was execution day at Sing Sing Prison. A new method of execution which was invented by Adele Mosca was being inaugurated. The executioner, Mildred Puglia, had the clothes-pin ready to place upon the nose of the prisoner, Anna Hamilton, who was being executed for overeating, and Lillian Amato was waiting with a towel to tie around the prisoner's mouth so that she could not breathe through it. Suddenly out of a clear sky swooped a monster airship. Out jumped Sir Thomas Fitzsimmons and in an instant had the distracted prisoner in his royal plane. The pilot, Florence Raymond, drove them out of sight and away from the amazed mob. The plane released a dense smoke screen, shutting the scene from view.

The smoke wavered, grew thicker and settled into a heavy fog. 'Tis London. The flickering lights were dimmed by the grey drizzle. All roads lead to the Empress Theatre, owned by Ferraro and Sprackel.

In the lobby two Salvation Army lassies, Edna Marsh and Blanche Goetchius, were soliciting aid for the poor and needy. The interior of the theatre was magnificently decorated by the firm of Sigler and McGrath. The orchestra strikes up an overture which is brilliantly conducted by Ruth Crooks. Scattered among the members of the orchestra are Katherine McDonnell, Lillian Stoller, and Dorothy Fieldhouse. The strains of the overture die, the curtain slowly rises upon the first act of the drama, "The Green String," portrayed by Charlotte Joseph and Mildred Grenfell. This performance was coached by Edna Cocker and Terry Bauer.

Enjoyable hours have passed. Many



of the evening's audience have found their way to the Daybill Night Club. The famous Lawler Company is opening a new revue featuring Ethel Schatz, Rachel Alpisa and Vesta Smith in a colored syncopation. An added attraction was a talented Hawaiian dancer, Dorothy Kangissor. Miss Kangissor's talents were discovered during her Junior A term at Normal School. A caroling flower girl, Phyllis Harris, wended her way among the tables, while the dancers, Sylvia Schack and Marie Van Deree, entertained with a Darsity Vog. The famous contralto artist, Irene Warhurst, was appearing after a trip to Monte Carlo, at which place she visited two of her friends, Beatrice Spernow and Marie Ferrer.

Daylight appears; the mist rises. I see gay Paree. In the Bohemian section is a cluster of studios. Dorothy Stott and Ruth Bauer are co-workers in art. Angelina Bellina and Theresa Vivino are painting life as they find it in Paris. In the next attic is a group of models, among whom are Mildred Collin, Ruth Kaufman, Rose McCormack, and Regina Kelley.

In the business section of Paris can be seen a large sign over a fashion house bearing the names of Wall and Walker.

From the east there comes a thunder shower. The air grows heavy with moisture. Suddenly it brightens and the sun shines upon sunny Italy.

I see a prominent exporting house controlled by Del Vennery and Mes-sineo. On the summit of an overlooking mountain rests an old castle, the mistress of which is the one time Mary Lombardi. Pantano and Scala have opened a school for mentally deficient children. It overlooks the Grand Canal.

Mount Vesuvius erupts and the scene is shattered.

Next I see New York. A large hair-dressing establishment, managed by Lanzone, Giandelia and Weber, looms into view. Inside are the three proprietors busily supervising the artists of beauty culture who are Brockheizen, Brueckman, Downey and Dowling. Entering the establishment is Sylvia Edelstein and Ruth Gold, both instructors of foreign languages in a local college.

From the window of the hair dressing establishment can be seen the buildings of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. A large poster says that there is an athletic contest in progress. The coaches are Ivan Ackerman, Olga Heppa, Mamie Miskuf and Rosalind Brady.

I see the window of the Eat Less Automat. It is being decorated by Katherine Yuresko, who is employed by Francis Samuelson and Anna Wolkus. The food which they serve comes from the Dillon and Fenwick Mills, and is approved by the famous dietitian, Ann Dennehy.

Across the street is a public school. The capable principal is Kathleen Bushell. She has as her staff of teachers, Mary McNerney, Dorothy Meininger, Maude Patterson, Eleanor Bredder, Sadie McKeowen, Marie Polansky and Isabel Sinclair.

One block east is the Anderson-Martin Department Store. At its shipping room doors is parked a Mack truck delivering books from the publishing house of Press-Jacobs-Osur. Among the books are copies by the celebrated writer, Esther Kahn. There are also some books by the poetess, Elizabeth Arbini, and the humorists, Kay Eglin and Maizie Donlevy. One of the best sellers is "How to Keep Thin," by Maude Conklin and Mildred Ryan.

Inside, the books are being checked by



# SCHOOL NOTES



## NOTES FROM THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has ended another eventful term. The governing body of the school points with pride to the many things accomplished this semester. Following is a short summary of some of the more important things carried out:

1. Charters were issued to the various clubs applying for them. Each organization paid one dollar for its charter.
2. On Friday, April 20, 1928, the Student Council supervised the running of the school, the entire faculty being at the Normal School Teachers' Conference at New York.
3. On Friday evening, April 20, the entire Council attended the banquet of the Normal School students at the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City. Paterson State Normal was literally put on the map by the distinguished delegation.
4. On Monday evening, May 21, 1928, the school, under the direction of the Council, opened at 8:00 P. M. and followed a schedule of two half hour periods and one assembly period. Many friends and relatives of the students visited the school and enjoyed themselves observing the classes and assembly.
5. Many and varied programs were put on in assembly during the term under the direction of the Program Committee. Several educational lectures have been given also.
6. Each section was given a party at the Lodge through the efforts of the Social Committee.
7. The annual picnic was also ar-

ranged by the Social and Service Committees.

8. The Concert Course was also completed during the term.

9. Publicity was taken care of by the Publicity Committee of the Student Council.

*William Wilson.*

## ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

### PRINCIPALS' VISIT

Mr. Shaffer, who is very anxious to have every elementary principal become better acquainted with our Normal, extended the invitation to the Principals' Association of New Jersey to hold a meeting at the Paterson State Normal School. Consequently, on Thursday, May 24, the principals from all over the state arrived at the Normal bright and early.

During assembly, they were entertained with a very delightful program. The Junior A-2's gave a one-act play, "The Will-o-the-Wisp." The Glee Club then rendered three selections. The program was enjoyed by everyone.

The remainder of the morning was spent in visiting the various classes, while they were in session. Following this, the principals were served a luncheon in the cafeteria. A great deal of the success of the luncheon was due to the Service Committee, which consisted of sixteen girls with Elizabeth Hoedemaker as chairman.

As the meeting of the afternoon adjourned, it was felt that the Paterson State Normal had added to its spirit of friendship.



## MASQUE AND MASQUERS

The term beginning February, 1928, has been one of exceptional progress for the Masque and Masquers. Under Miss Gill's able direction, and with the untiring efforts of the president, Mr. Bergen, the organization has increased from an enrollment of about fifty to approximately four hundred fifty members. With this increase in membership has come a great expansion in the club's activity.

Plays have been successfully broadcast over the radio twice a month; section plays have been presented in the assembly, and, as a fitting climax for so much good work, the spring plays were presented in a very successful way. Credit is certainly due Miss Gill, the casts of the plays, and the committees in charge, for the fine presentation of "The Romancers," "One Egg," and "Fennel." The fact that the costumes and much of the scenery used was made by members of the Masque and Masquers shows the great interest and whole-hearted cooperation which prevails in the organization which, with the aid of its members, hopes to continue as the best, busiest and biggest club of the best, busiest and biggest Normal School in New Jersey.

*Carmen J. Lagos.*

## VISITS ON NORMAL NIGHT

MONDAY night, May 21, was turned into day when the gates of our Normal were thrown open for the visits of our parents, relatives, and friends.

The last two periods of the day were in session from eight to nine o'clock. The visitors went in and out of classes, and observed the more serious part of the work of the school.

At nine o'clock, classes adjourned, and everyone proceeded to the auditorium, where our visitors had a chance to become acquainted with our social life. A very interesting program was offered. After the regular opening exercises, which consisted of a hymn, flag salute, Bible reading, Lord's prayer, and the Response, William White spoke a few words of welcome to our visitors. Three beautiful selections were given by the Girls' Glee Club. Awards were presented to the members of the boys' and girls' basketball teams.

The Men's Club, which is a new organization, presented a program which was typical of their regular monthly programs. Harold Straub played three pieces on his xylophone and Edward Van Houten sang.

*Charlotte Joseph.*



## CLASS PROPHECY

*Cont. from page 48*

the accountants, Eleanor Isleib, Mary McGreen and Louise Miller.

In the sporting goods department I see Sophie Davis, Marjorie Merrop and Katherine Pohl. They are demonstrat-

ing a new apparatus manufactured by Bernadette Feeny and Josephine Ryan. Of vital interest to Ethel Mottershead and Mildred La Roe are the new magnetic tennis rackets.



## ATHLETICS

THE athletic life of Paterson State Normal has at last reached the pinnacle to which it is capable of adhering.

Not many years ago—to be explicit, about two—athletics at Paterson State Normal were very much in the background. This fact was due, no doubt, to scarcity of fellows for the various sports. Even so, at the time to which I have reference there were enough fellows to make up a basketball team. These boys who have passed through the portals of Normal managed themselves, arranged their games and coached a team to the best of their ability.

With the advent of the present Senior A boys, new life was created in the realm of athletics. Although it was only an addition of four new boys, the new spirit arose.

As a consequence, a coach was hired by the school. With this incentive, every boy in the school went in for athletics, until now, with the ever increasing number of boys at P. S. N. S., the athletic side of school life is on the upward trend.

We have only to refer to our many victories on the ribbed court to prove our contention of successful athletics at Paterson Normal. Baseball has taken its place alongside of basketball as a sport, and it is the utmost desire of the writer that within a few years football will find its honored place side by side with basketball and baseball.

*Thomas Fitzsimmons.*

PATERSON NORMAL! Rah! Rah! Rah! This outburst, of course, is for the various teams which make up the greatest activity—athletics. Everyone gets interested in this activity sooner or later. He may not be a player on our teams, but one who helps to gain a victory by cheering—the spectator.

We have taken rapid strides toward the highest form in athletics. The boys and girls have worked diligently to reach this set goal. During the last two years the trend toward good, hard-fighting teams has made the name Paterson State Normal Team something of which we may be proud.

The basketball teams have been prominent among the sports. They have stood out as brilliant teams, in spite of the many handicaps they had to overcome. Even though unsuccessful in many games, they showed their spirit. Rival teams had to admit that they had to play hard to defeat them.

Because this is the baseball season, we will laud our fine team. We haven't many boys from whom to select our team, but they are all willing to do their best for the good of the school. Some day we hope to see developed on our team a second Babe Ruth.

Any fine afternoon when you walk through Eastside Park you will encounter many Paterson Normal School girls wielding tennis rackets on the excellent courts. An advanced step was taken with regard to the tennis team. It has been thoroughly organized, having a captain and manager. Good luck and greater success to the tennis team.

Having contributed our share to the glory of the teams, we hope that those who remain to continue the work will carry the athletic standard even higher.

*M. M.—O. H.*



## SCHOOL NOTES

(Continued from page 50)

### NATURE SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

At the beginning of the term the members of the N. S. A. decided to meet once every two weeks, one meeting to be held at the Lodge in the evening, the other in Mr. Fox's room in the afternoon. This plan worked out very well. The evening meetings were especially well attended. Business was carefully disposed of and Mr. Fox helped a great deal with suggestions. The June meeting is to be in the form of a strawberry festival.

The N. S. A. has undertaken the sale of stationary and felt goods bearing school emblems. These are very attractive and no Normal School student should be without them.

One fine May afternoon a jolly group set out for a trip to Garret Mountain. The long hike naturally made them hungry. We hear Mr. Fox provided the

refreshments (?)

The final trip of the term will be to Highland Beach. All members are looking forward to this trip. If it is like all previous N. S. A. affairs we can promise a wonderful time.

The by-laws of the N. S. A. provide that officers retain their positions until the completion of the Sr. B term. Mr. Pache was the only retiring officer. Miss Sokasits was elected to take his place as Vice-President. The officers of the N. S. A. are as follows:

<i>President</i>	H. Sullivan
<i>Vice-President</i>	J. Sokasits
<i>Secretary</i>	F. Smith
<i>Treasurer</i>	H. Oberndorfer
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	J. H. Fox

The awards this term will be given to those persons doing the most for the N. S. A. We wonder who the lucky ones will be.

*F. Smith, Secretary.*



### CLASS PROPHECY

(Continued from page 50)

In a block by itself is the mayor's office, presided over by his Honor, William Probert. Meekly, seeking a charter for a private school for children of the better class are Hazel Rawlings, Eleanor Starrs, and Ruth Hopf. In the outer office is little Edna Bredder, secretary and favorite of the city executive.

The commercial world fades and in its place I see domestic quietude. In the suburbs are the homes of the happily

married Hilda Townsend, Rosemary McElhone and Marguerite Sommer.

The surface of the mirror became a fiery red. My hands became weak—a sudden crash and the mirror was lying in fragments at my feet. I closed my eyes to concentrate and when I opened them all had vanished.

*Mildred E. Grenfell and  
Charlotte Joseph.*



# CLASS BOOK MESSAGES

*Continued from page 6*

Last week, two principals of elementary schools, one of Paterson, said that the material they saw in the science room of the Normal School was the best they had seen in any science room. Three days later, a principal said the hand-work of this school was of the highest order. The same day, the principal of one of the largest school in New Jersey visited the science room. He said, "Why do not the graduates carry out to the schools the work which they do here?"

This question shall be for you to answer. Many more favorable statements such as the above have been made which show that the principals approve of your type of work in the school. May you carry over to your school the type of work you have done here; if not, may we know the reason.

*John H. Fox.*

\* \* \*

For you all, I wish a great measure of success, and in musical relations, I would have you bear in mind this quotation by Thomas Whitney Surette: "So the greatest virtue of music lies not alone in its peculiar unification of matter and manner, its artistic perfection, but in the power which that gives it to create a world not based on the outward and the visible, but on that invisible realm of thought, feeling, and aspiration, which is our real world."

*Elizabeth A. Madden.*

From the Chinese proverbs comes a thought for all of us: "If you would have your words last a century, carve them in marble; if you would have them last forever, carve them in the heart of a little child."

*Lillian M. Hopper.*

\* \* \*

That you may always have the courage to face the problems of life, important or petty, with a joyous spirit, as if each new day meant added opportunity for the glorious adventure of living, is my sincerest wish for each one of you.

*Marguerite B. Tiffany.*

\* \* \*

"We must not contradict but instruct him who contradicts us; for a mad man is not cured by another running mad also."

*G. E. Matthews.*

\* \* \*

Have the courage to be interested in the world about you; smile, and you will find yourself well on the road to happiness.

*Helen B. Keefer.*





# HUMOR



"That's what comes of being so attractive," sighed Marie as she was hit by lightning.

\* \* \* \*

R. Gold: "Do you think I'll ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Miss Madden: "It might be handy in time of fire."

\* \* \* \*

C. F.: "Dad, what do you call a man who drives a car?"

Mr. F.: "It depends on how close he comes to me."

\* \* \* \*

Comedian: "Look here, I object to going on right after the monkey act."

Manager: "You're right. They may think it's an encore."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Abrams: "What kind of a car have you?"

Ivan: "I've got a 'Wreck'."

Miss A.: "A Wreck?"

Ivan: "Yeah, every time I park it, a dozen people come up and ask me if I've reported the accident yet."

\* \* \* \*

M. McNerney: "What is the matter? Can't you skate?"

R. Nichols: "I don't know yet; I can't stand up long enough to find out."

## Who Knows

Loving Son: "Mother, are we descendants from monkeys?"

Mother: "Well, son, I really don't know very much about your father's people."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "Tommy, what is one-half of one-tenth?"

Tommy: "I don't know exactly, but it can't be much."

\* \* \* \*

Prisoner: "Do you think I'll get justice with that jury?"

Lawyer: "No, I think not. I see two men in the box who are opposed to hanging."

\* \* \* \*

Any Boy, after flunking several subjects, telegraphed his mother: "Failed in all subjects. Prepare Papa."

Mother telegraphed in answer: "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."

\* \* \* \*

"I heard you were put out of school for cheating."

"Yes, I had a flower in my buttonhole during the botany examination."

\* \* \* \*

Maid-servant: "Please, sir, the cook has had earache ever since she's been here."

Master: "The key-holes are probably too draughty."



Mrs. Matthews: "I would like to buy an easy chair for my husband."

Salesman: "Morris?"

Mrs. M.: "No, Gordon."

\* \* \* \*

"Pardon me, but why do you invariably wear a checked waistcoat?"

"To reduce," replied the enormously large man. "The doctor told me to put a check on my eating capacity."

\* \* \* \*

"I can't find a single pin, Nel. Where did they all go to?"

"I haven't any idea, Bell. You see, they're all headed one way and pointed another."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "What meat that we like to eat comes from the pig?"

Ch.: "Ham and eggs."

\* \* \* \*

Clerk: "Did you get rid of any moths with those mothballs?"

Mrs. McNut: "No, I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit one."

\* \* \* \*

To every person comes his day  
So calmly wait your chance,  
Pedestrians have the right of way  
When in an ambulance.

\* \* \* \*

Old Lady: "And what should a polite little boy say to a lady who has given him a penny for carrying her parcels?"

Little Boy: "I'm too polite to tell you."

"22", *Tooted the Locomotive*

There was a young lady of Crewe  
Who wanted to catch the 2:2;  
Said a porter, "Don't hurry  
Or worry or flurry,  
It's only a minute or two to 2:2."

\* \* \* \*

Husband (looking at portrait of wife): "That's the last portrait of my poor wife."

Visitor: "Oh, yes?"

Husband: "Yes. It gives me great pleasure to see her without hearing her."

\* \* \* \*

Bill: "What is a quartette?"

Will: "Three men and a tenor."

\* \* \* \*

First Father: "What are you going to do with your boy?"

Second Father: "I think I'll let him join the police force."

First Father: "Why?"

Second Father: "Well, they're sure to have him one way or another."

\* \* \* \*

"Was your chauffeur seriously hurt in your accident, Mr. Dupont?"

"Yes, he was knocked practically speechless."

"Speechless! How?"

"He dislocated his shoulder; now he can't shrug."

\* \* \* \*

M. V. D.: "I say, ol' dear, what's good for biting finger nails?"

T. V.: "Sharp teeth, silly."



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